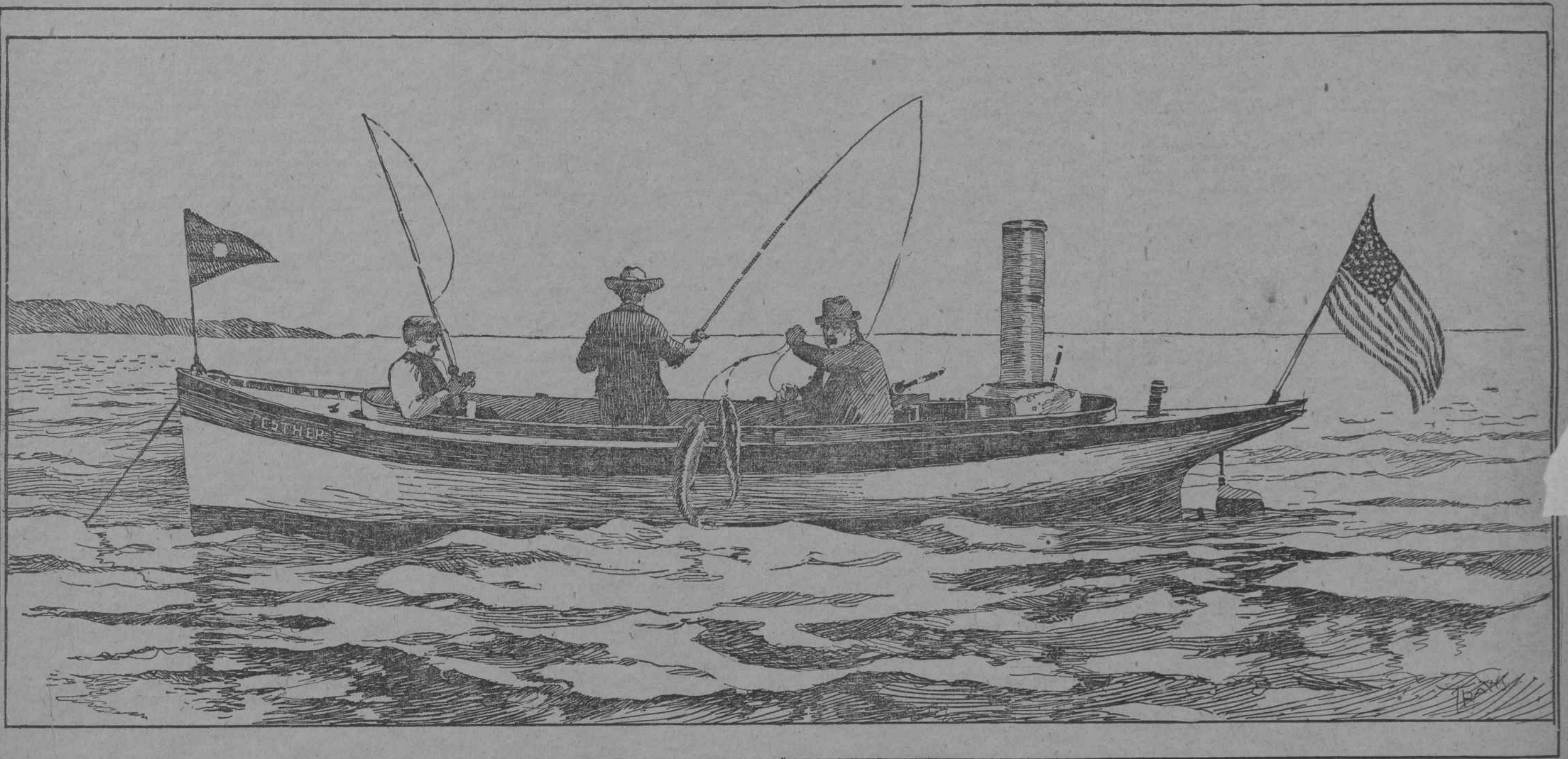


# A DAY WITH MR. CLEVELAND AND THE WEAK-FISH.

## SNAP SHOTS AT THE PRESIDENT, SHOWING HOW THE CHIEF EXECUTIVE ESCAPES THE WORRIES AND PERPLEXITIES OF POLITICS AND NATIONAL AFFAIRS.



"Capt. Brad"  
Wright.

Joe  
Jefferson.

Two  
"Squiteague."

Mr.  
Cleveland.

AN INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPH BY A JOURNAL REPORTER TAKEN OFF MINISTER'S LEDGE, BUZZARD'S BAY.

In the midst of the fishing campaign it is refreshing to be of the Nation's naphtha launch tautog out of Buzzard's Bay.

Few people land fishing, graphed the ex- And it is th privilege to pr tographs taken They are the made of the Pr Bay, and payin of parties.

The President's Summer home is an ideal spot for a fisherman's retreat. It is a small, white, stone building, with a stone's throw of the water. It is well calculated for a rest, even without the presence of the President. The President's Summer home is an ideal spot for a fisherman's retreat. It is a small, white, stone building, with a stone's throw of the water. It is well calculated for a rest, even without the presence of the President.

The little landing place on the wharf, devoted to the President's sole use, is a very simple affair. It is composed of an ordinary platform of planks, resting on piles, from which a short gangway, guarded by a rough railing, leads to a small float. The whole is stoutly constructed, of course, and the float has considerable buoyancy.

Almost every day this structure is taxed to support the weight of dignity, avoidance of plebeian enthusiasm, which go toward the make-up of the Chief Executive. It would be no exaggeration to say that the President goes fishing four days of every week throughout the season. On Sundays alone the fifty dozens of those waters are absolutely sure that he will not come out upon their feeding grounds to disturb them with his hooks.

Take it from season's end to season's end, you see, the President does a deal of fishing. He brings his family to Gray Gables promptly upon the close of Congress, and from that time on his rods never rest. The boats upon which he depends to carry him and his friends from their sport are named after his first and second children. The "Ruth," a name which has grown famous now, is a staunch little catboat, carrying a stub bowsprit, which makes her resemble a tiny sloop, although no jib is used. She is about thirty feet over all, and was built by Crosby, a famous Cape Cod boat builder, for a Boston millionaire named Henshaw, from whose hands she passed into Mr. Cleveland's hands several years ago.

The naphtha launch, Esther, about the same size, is a Hudson River product, and a model of her kind. The body of the work is "bright finished," and she is mounted throughout. When trolled, Cleveland generally sails in the bluefish have been scarce of late lately, yet serviceable, little 1 wung neglected at her moorings several weeks.

President devotes most of his time to catching bottom fish from a comfortable seat in the naphtha launch.

The nomenclature of the locality about Buzzard's Bay is confusing to one unused to the aboriginal tongues. Even the fish have queer names. The voter in far-off Texas or under the shadow of the Rockies has read, no doubt, from time to time, fish stories telling of the big catches of the "scup" and "tautog" made by the President.

Now, "scup" and "tautog" sound like fine, rare, gamey fish, but the names are strange to the ears of New Yorkers. When barefooted lads take these same fish, with primitive hooks and lines, off the Battery wall or up-river piers, they call them simply gorgies and black fish, and they lose thereby a vast amount of Presidential favor.

It was only a day or two ago that Mr. Cleveland was credited with landing a fine catch of "squiteague."

What on earth is a "squiteague?" A weakish, pure and simple, yet one might ask many a jolly German fisherman around New York, and he would think he was being made fun of. The bothersome little burgals, which will clear a hook of bait

or other, where they may find fish and not be found of men.

He never announces his destination when he leaves home in the morning. He always takes a luncheon with him, and an ample one, too, so that it may be inferred that he will not be home again that day to callers.

Within a radius of twenty miles from Gray Gables are located such choice and richly titled fishing grounds as Scraggy Neck, West Falmouth, Minister's Ledge, Wing's Neck, Hog Island, Onset Bay, Little Bird Island, Hog Neck and the Narrows.

It was hard to tell which of these famous spots, or of a hundred others that the baymen know, the fishing President would be found on.

Early in the morning Captain Curry hoisted anchor and sail, trimmed sheet, put his tiller down and started out with the Sunday Journal man to go the round of the fishing grounds in search of Mr. Cleveland.

While the Stella was crossing the bay two six-pound "blues" were captured, and they were all there was to show for a twelve hours' search after a far bigger fish. But they were destined to play an important part in the great proceeding.

providence had placed it there on purpose, for fear some threatening night the distinguished angler should be belated and Captain "Brad" Wright perhaps have lost his bearings.

The ledge is so named because the entire peninsula called Wing's Neck is owned by the Rev. Dr. Bartol, a retired clergyman who lives in Boston. It is one of the most picturesque points on Buzzard's Bay. Its heavily wooded shores rise abruptly from the water.

Minister's Ledge, too, abounds in "scup" and "tautog" and an occasional perch. That is in its favor, for these are the still fish, and it is still fish Mr. Cleveland is after. Trolling is too much work for him. But it was the most luxurious and satisfactory sort of fishing he was doing when the Journal's catboat-Stella-bove within speaking distance of him.

Throned on a comfortable cushion he looked the round and wholesome image of content. In his right hand he held, resting his forearm out over the side of the boat, his pet rod of split bamboo.

His executive thumb was pressed gently, fondly on the nickel mounted reel. He gazed meditatively into the clear blue

But amidstships, standing with his gaze fixed upon his line, about which the judicious "squiteague" were making energetic overtures, was the tall, spare form of "Joe" Jefferson, his shoulders, with their old familiar stoop, shadowed by the famous old Jefferson broad-brimmed sunshade, which is a piece of headgear as well-known up and down the coast as Cleveland's own.

The "weak" were biting well. Mr. Jefferson struck at one, but did not fasten him, and let the line run back again. The President was doing better business. Immobile he watched the bobbing dot of color. Of a sudden there was a quick, upward motion, all in the wrist and forearm.

Let nobody think the President cannot be nimble when it comes to handling "squiteague." He has the wrist which is found only in the fencer and the fisherman.

He had hooked his fish. The first—and generally last—wild rush which the weak-fish always makes before he ignominiously surrenders, the President met as a sportsman should. Distant as the Stella was, it was easy to discern the expression of

more than a faint line coming, and just as the Stella swept ahead of the launch he deftly laid the rod aside, and, seizing the line with the hand so calloused by the tiller of the Ship of State, he whipped two thumping weakfish—one of each hook—over the coming, with a motion which is only learned from the old fishermen of the New England coast.

It is thus that the codfishers, hauling their lines from morning until night, land two giant codfish with every haul. Not a codfisher of them all could do it more like one to the manner born that did he.

And as he did it the camera's eye peeped out over the gunwale of the Stella and caught him in the act.

Snap! Snap! Twice the President's likeness was registered on the plates, and then the Stella had slipped out of range. In an instant Captain Curry had her about again. There were more pictures to be taken. Holding the tiller with one hand, as his craft neared the launch, once more he leaned over and picked up one of the bluefish from the cockpit of the "cat."

"Wouldn't you like to have one of these, Mr. President?" he cried.

Mr. Cleveland's eyes brightened as he looked at the shaly boy which Curry held aloft.

"Yes," he answered, nodding a prompt affirmative. "Where did you get 'em?"

"Down near West Falmouth," was the answer, as Captain Curry tossed the big bluefish aboard the launch.

"Snap! Snap!" Again the swift shutter of the camera imprisoned the President upon the plate, and the Stella sped away. A shade of annoyance overspread the large face of Mr. Cleveland.

"I thank you very kindly, Mr. President," cried the courteous and patriotic Journal man as the stretch of water between the boats widened.

"I'm very much obliged to you, sir," answered the Chief Magistrate of the nation, not to be outdone in gratitude or politeness, even by the humblest of the 70,000,000 of his people. But, somehow, there was a tinge of sarcasm in his tone.

Again, another day, the Journal man found the President and a goodly party of his family and friends fishing from the Esther, near the mouth of the Wareham River. It was a pretty picture that they made, and again the camera was aimed at the launch and her company.

There was a small fleet of catboats at anchor on the fishing grounds, but the Stella picked her way among them gingerly. Captain Curry steered straight toward the Esther and put about when within little more than a boat's length of her.

"Don't run us down!" the President cried, as if half in dread of a collision. But the obedient catboat filled quickly and wore away, while the photographer explained to the President's satisfaction that so excellent a subject deserved a second trial to insure success.

Mr. Cleveland then returned to the catching of "squiteague," and the Stella, with her photographic cargo, headed for home.

On the return journey a gale sprang. The "cat," with three reefs in, heeled bravely, but rounding the point of Toby's Island, there was a startling crash, and a silver ran through her. An instant later the mast went by the board. It had been carried away clean to the deck.

An anchor was quickly hove to windward, and, after considerable delay, the Stella was towed into port.

Retribution? Punishment for lese majeste? Perhaps.



MR. CLEVELAND, MRS. CLEVELAND AND PARTY FISHING FOR TAUTOG.

From Photograph Taken at the Mouth of Wareham River.

Three miles had scarce been covered on the homeward journey when, on rounding King's Neck for the second time, a naphtha launch hove in view.

"There he is!" shouted Curry. A blue flag with red bars floated at the bow of the launch, and over her stern strayed the Stars and Stripes. It was the Esther, anchored on Minister's Ledge.

Minister's Ledge, where the President is frequently to be found pursuing his favorite pastime, is just off Wing's Neck Point. A lighthouse erected by the Government stands only a few hundred yards away. It seems almost as if some wise official

water from under the famous old slouch fishing hat which has become one of the harbor marks of the Massachusetts coast.

President Cleveland has become so used to being stared at by the fishing parties up and down the bay that he "stays in his shell," as the baymen say when anybody comes alongside. So he watched the bobbing bobber and held his peace.

He had good company in the boat. Captain "Brad" was there, of course, pretending to enjoy fishing, but in reality only holding his job down, and attending upon the Presidential wishes.

satisfaction playing over the Great Fisherman's face. He made no noise and few motions, but he handled his game in a masterly fashion.

The Stella was drawing nearer and nearer. She foots like a witch. Maybe there is a vanity in every fisherman which makes him glory in landing a big fish while he has an audience. At any rate the Presidential reel clicked merrily and the fish was drawn steadily and irresistibly homeward.

It was a pretty stiff argument the President's fish was putting up, but he kept

quicker than a hungry tramp can clear a plate of beans, are called chokies by President Cleveland. Perhaps it is for variety's sake, and it sounds suggestively like prolixes.

These names may be mysteries to New York fishermen, but the President understands them all now. He learned them from Captain "Brad" Wright. Captain "Brad" Wright hails from Pocasset, a few miles down the bay. He acts as skipper and sailing master to the President, and gives him instructions in all those dorking and occult things which a truly great fisherman ought to know.